The Phantom Shotgun

A New York Mystery Story With a New Twist

By S. C. ARTHUR

CHAPTER I. Bound South.

BRIDE and a groom are always an interesting sight, and when an embarrassed bridal pair, surrounded by a boisterous score, trouped to the steamer's side, we, already on board, had something to watch besides the shouting and cursing stevedores and sweat-scented longshoremen wrestling with huge cases, and hurry-

ROBERT L. LARKINS

"Whey did you leave the coast?"

The romance of the wealthy broker and his beautiful bride is

of unusual interest.

of unusual interest.

Mr. Forbes's career in the Street has been short but meteoric. He came to New York a poor man, and in seven short years he has swept through the Golden Calf district like a financial Alexander. His speculations

have been so paying that he is the most feared man in Wall Street

to-day. He is a bachelor, with no rela-

tives in this city, but is a member of some of Gotham's most select

Miss Kennedy gained much

newspaper notoriety two years ago when she appeared as the principal witness for the defense in the trial of E. Van Buren Courtlandt, a broker's clerk, employed in the Forbes' offices, who was arrested and tried for stock

market juggling. After three trials, two resulting in a jury dis-agreement, the District Attorney

quashed further proceedings.
At the time it was rumored that

Miss Kennedy was the flancee of the accused, who was a member of one of New York's oldest fam-ilies, but after being discharged, Courtlandt left New York for the

West, and, shortly following, his death in Arizona was announced. Mr. and Mrs. Forbes, imme-

diately after the wedding cere-mony, sailed for New Orleans.

They will spend their honeymoon

travelling through the Southern States, where the bridegroom has

extensive cotton interests.

Larkins watched me closely and in the closely and in the country ships in the country

N. Y. Evening Ledger

ing cumbersome trunks into the vast, black interior of the vessel's hold. The exuberant friends of the newly married couple had evidently not been satisfied with thronging the church at eight in the morning, seeing the unmathematical process of two made one, but felt that they must invade Her 25, North River, and hurl "bon voyage," trite, crude, and cruel advice, long with handfuls of rice at the confused and disconcerted two just joined together until death, or the hungry divorce mill, would them part.

Many interested passengers like myself leaned over the rail of the S. S. thrust one of his cards toward me,
Minerva to smile at the laughing, upon which I read: noisy group on the rough boards below us. I dare say every woman who was not weeping was making mental esticism of the hang of the bride's trave'ing skirt or the tilt of her hat. duch details were not for my eves. nor wase they for the eyes of the well-set-up young fellow leaning over the rall to my left. Seeing his manifest interest, I spoke:

"Know thom?"

"No," he answered shortly, giving leasure of the journey."

"No," he answered shortly, giving pleasure of the journey." me a swift, startled look, and I knew

he fied.

His back was turned to me, and I step with me as we made our way forward. "You see," he explained, as forward. "You see," he explained, as I looked at him in surprise, "only Westerners say "two bits," and I his weil-fitting coat when one of the couldn't help but call the turn." his well-fitting coat when one of the group below emptied a pocketful of cice over the two who were the centre of attraction.

I distinctly heard the man to my left mutter an oath.

"Barbaric custom," I ventured to his broad back. "Do you think they" a sheet bizarre with big type detailing the wedding of the Wall Street proved below—"would act such utter broker and his erstwhile stenographer.

crowd below—"would act such utter broker and his erstwhile stenographer.
idiots if they could see themselves I had purchased it out of mere curiosity when the bridal couple came aboard. "What rot!" I commented

The man, turning abruptly, an- disgustedly.

percus look that always stirs my antagonism more than an expression of absolute villainy. He was pretty decently proportioned, however, and decidedly well-groomed, and while elothes do not make the man, they have been the unmaking of many in the eyes of a woman.

"There's the spirit of the up-to-date press for you!" a tall, loosely built young fellow remarked, crowding beging me at the railing, and pointing

ide me at the railing, and pointing to the group of newspaper photogra-phers below leveling a battery of cameras at the bridal couple. and that

"Here it is not quite noon, and that enterprising kid at the foot of the gangplank is reaping a harvest of pennies selling the afternoon papers, with a detailed account of the wedcing and half-tone illustrations of the bride as she entered the church at a c'clock! Can you beat it?" He turned to me with such an engaging smile and so much expansive pride in the eyes which squinted at me

through the pince-nez he wore that of felt attracted to him instantly.

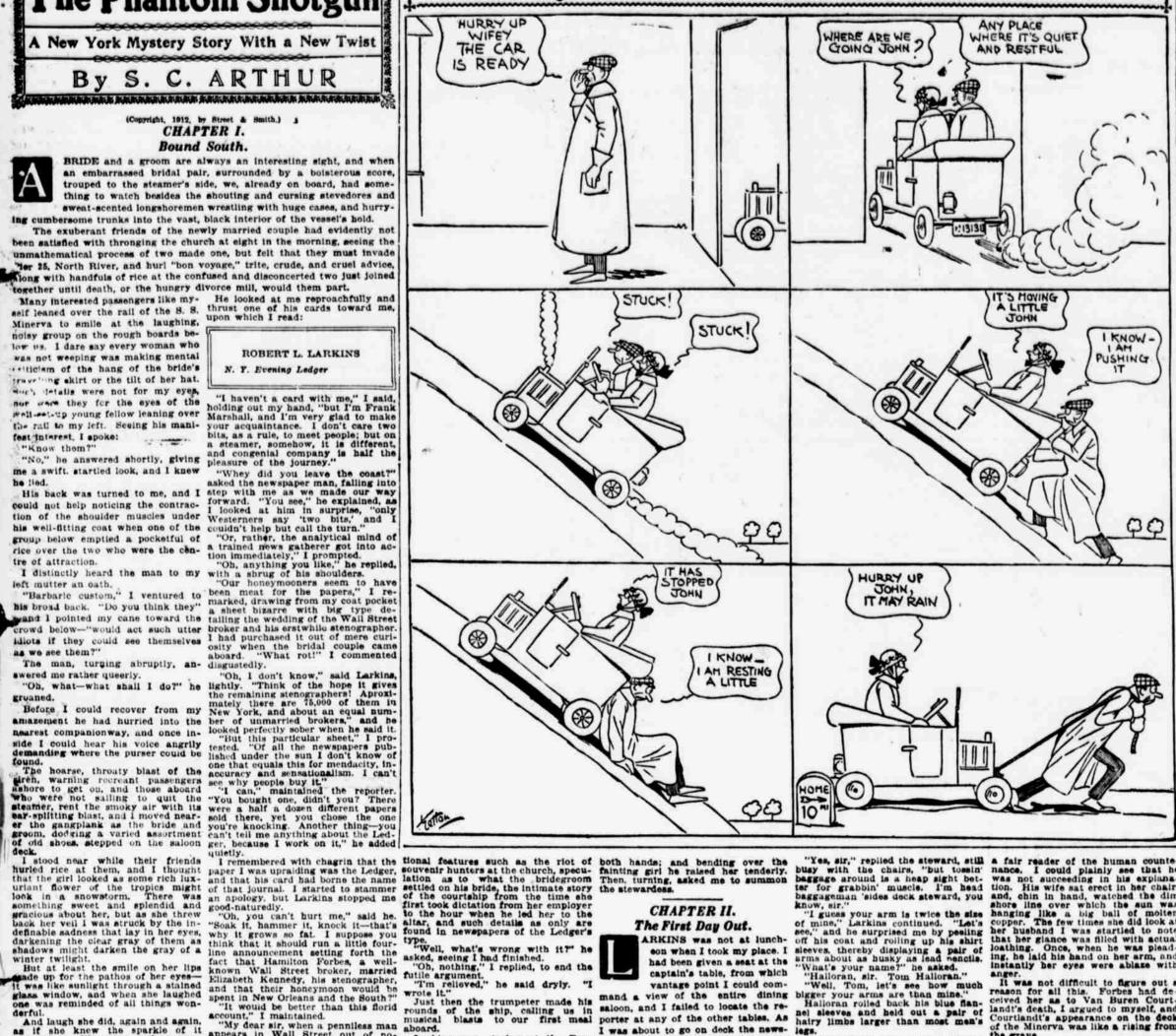
"Your innocent enthusiasm over our pellow press might make one wonder the property of the press of the what your own profession happens to "I smiled in return. "A prize "A Marathon runner, an aviator, maybe, or an abscording bank cashier? I know that you're not an actor, for I see nothing that looks like a press agent."

The young fellow grinned. "Nothing so respectable as any of those,"

retorted. "I'm merely a common tat Manhattan, species yellowjournalistica. However, don't attempt to jump overboard or anything like that, as the poison has been extracted from

my fangs—I'm perfectly safe to han-dle—warranted not to bite."
"I hardly expected to find a reporter aboard," said I. "My impression was that they had a hereditary antipathy a The Day of Rest

By Maurice Ketten



"There is something that should fire your newspaper soul." I exclaimed. "You know what got his goat?" asked Larkins, ordering two kinds of pie. "I could guess if I tried real hard," I could guess if I tried real hard," I replied. "That young fellow who posed, and has left the ship."

At that instant, as it often happens forbes fainted was Van Buren Courting plays and rarely in real life, there landt." At that instant, as it orien happens in plays and rarely in real life, there stepped out of the companionway the very man of whom I was speaking. "What have you been doing since "What have you been doing since that time?" I asked, as we arose to the a turn on deck.

"By all that is wonderful—it is!" I managed to gasp. "How did you "Hold fast, Mr. Marshall, for we

bride looked up.

she cried, her voice barely above a whisper, and with arms chairs we had them placed on the stretched to him she sank in a heap saloon deck near the window of my

cut young chap who watched the him closely. He was nervous and dis-bridal couple with such absorbing in-terest as we lay at the wharf, and repeated the curiously wild ejacula-tion he had directed at me.

There is constituted in the clean in the couple of the couple of the couple of the curiously wild ejacula-delicacies taken up to his suits.

take a turn on deck.
"Cr-r-ra-a-sh! Cr-rash! Crrash! "Hold fast, Mr. Marshall, for we seek going round a corner," Larkins length and breadth of the ship.

It urned on him in disgust. "Do you man to tell me that you have sent.

The stranger was just ahead of us, and Forbes and his bride were approaching. The two were talking, and it was only when he started to pass the man in front of us that the pass the man in front of us that the out of current magazines!" He looked up.

I have seen people shocked and almal in a zoo.

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I have seen people shocked and animal in the shoughout the shad we sent testate Commerce Commission had the length and the length and breattion a vision of made free transportation a vision of made free transportation a vision of made free transporta

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As we went above he declined the again see the look that passed over cigar I offered him for a Turkish the woman's face. She turned post-cigarette, which he fished from his pocket. When we arranged for our steamer

stretched to him she sank in a heap on the deck.

For a moment Forbes stood silent formed a sort of L of the deck. Two and tense, staring at the young man facing him, then slowly he started to lift his wife to her feet.

The young fellow sprang forward in a rage.

"Don't touch her, or, by Heaven.

Forbes back with a violent thrust of from toying with these chairs?"

This was not difficult, as the two censtateroom next to the purser's opposite the one her husband occupies. Stateroom next to the purser's opposite the one her husband occupies. She had her things moved in while was very evident that some serious that a sours were being placed I saw the newspaper man eye the deck steward disagreement had arisen between them.

Forbes' attitude was that of a man trying to explain something. So I was a local not hear a word wane already." observed another.

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"You're a pretty well set up fel
Forbes' attitude was that of a man trying to explain something. So I was a poken, but I count myself "Does any one know the young chap".

him closely. He was nervous and distraught, scarcely ate anything, and face carefully for some sign of pleasief the table after ordering a few delicacies taken up to his suite.

"You know what got his goat?" asked Larkins, ordering two kinds of ple.

"I could guess if I tried real hard," I replied. "That young fellow who threatened to kill Forbes when Mrs. Forbes fainted was Vap Buren Courtlandt."

In the court of the country of my return trip to California than the country in the same of the country in the same of the country in the same of the country of my return trip to California than the country in the same of the country in the same of the Sea, of my raisin industry in the San Joaquin Valley, and my abhorrence of anything Eastern, but never a word had he said as to why he was sailing. On the whole, I decided it was unusual. Newspaper men rarely travel just for mere fun—they haven't that much money as a rule and the inmuch money, as a rule, and the In-

pealed to me a porce of the massives at the empty chairs adjacent to Lardins' and mine, broke up my reverte, ins' and mine, broke up my reverte, instance in his hand.

I, however, studied them as closely as I could without being openly rude, man's voice loudly. "She has the stateroom next to the purser's opposite the could without being openly rude, stateroom next to the purser's opposite the sympathy of others or ance save that which my cane such other—not in the way of most stite the one her husband occupies. She had her things moved in white strange to say, for it every one was at supper."

Larkins saw my displeasure, and quickly said: "I beg your pardon!" and took up the thread of our conversation in his characteristically versation in his characteristically versation in his characteristically and even on the rare occasions when advertently dropped my cane-

get an appropriate as a few broid and great of the animal property of the strained for the longer of the longer of

CHAPTER III.

The Curious Cipher Code.

INNER was uneventful.

Forbes was in his place, but his wife did not make her appearance in the dining saloon. Later, in the stewards getting blisters on his feet stewards getting bl

NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD Sinister Island

By CHARLES WADSWORTH CAMP

Courtlandt sank into the empty seat

Larkins. "Mr. Marshall knows who you are, and I vouch for him."

"Good heavens, Mr. Larkins." exclaimed Courtlandt passionately, "do you suppose that I would have set foot on this infernal boat if I had imagined that they were sailing on it? of figures?"

Why, I wouldn't"—

"Lower your voice," warned Larkins sharply. "They're all looking at telligible reply; but Larkins broke in eagerly.

Larkins's sharp wits apparently needed nothing further to make the situation clear to him, for as he knocked the ashes from his cigarette

knocked the ashes from his cigarette
he said slowly, and in the frank, pleasant way which made it impossible for
one to take offense:

"Courtlandt, I'm not butting into
this thing merely because poking my
nose in other people's affairs is my
bread and butter, but I want to say
just one thing to you—and Mr. Marshall here, who is an older and probably a wiser man than either of us,
will bear me out. I think when a
man's in the mess you're in, it's his
cue to tell the truth, the whole truth,
and nothing but the truth. Don't lie
or quibble. Hand her the straight
unvarnished—sabe?"

Courtlandt arose, and looked

\$-11-21-19-11-26-2-19
15-2-19-2-26-28-1-2
16-20-19-22-26-28-2-9
18
By this time Capt. Loyd had joined
the throng around the excited man.
"See here, Mr. Forbes," he demanded
harshly. "What does this mean?"
"It means that my life is threatened!" gasped Forbes. "Death, it
says, captain—death! Oh, save me—
he's going to kill me! To-night!" the
last word was a shriek of absolute
terror.
"Here, here, pull yourself together,

that's proving a sort of belated Lochinvar? He seems to be the disturbing element."

The gossip ran on; then suddenly
a hush fell, as Courtlandt entered
the room from the deck. By his expression I could see that he suspected
who were the topic of conversation.

As the reporter and I neared the
forward portion of the ship, on our

pression I could see that he suspected who were the topic of conversation. I half expected to see him give active vent to the smouldering fury in his eyes when Larkins surprised me by catching the young fellow's coat as he passed our table.

"Sit down with us a moment, Mr. Courtlandt," said my companion.
The young man looked at Larkins coldly. "My name is Barthney," he said, with quiet deliberation.

"Sit down," said Larkins, in a low voice; "they're ail looking at you. My name's Larkins—of the Evening Ledger."

Courtlandt sank into the empty seat

proffered aid.

As the reporter and I neared the forward portion of the ship, on our way to our staterooms, a cry of a man, frightful in its agony and feer, rang through the ship, and Hamilton Forbes stumbled from his stateroom in a frenzy of terror.

His eyes, bloodshot and wild, had the glint of a hunted animal, and I saw with disgust that he must be suffering from some horrible haliucination of overdrink.

"Don't let him get me!" he cried.

"Help! help! warding off imaginary figures with his hands. "He's going to murder me!"

to murder me!"

Larkins sprang toward him and grasped him roughly by the arm.

"Here, here!" said the reporter.
"Brace up! You've got a bad case of the jimjams!"

Courtlandt sank into the empty seat between the newspaper man and myself. 'Oh, I say, old man, thank you—thank you!" He held an unsteady hand toward Larkins. "You don't know how I've always wanted to express my appreciation for what you did for me that time, but—"

That's all right—er—Barthney. Tickled me to death. Got a big beat on it," said Larkins. "Say, what are we drinking?" and he pushed the belifor the bar steward, then introduced me to be young man.

Courtlandt swallowed his drink of straight whiskey feverishly. Larkins and I merely sipped a liqueur.

"Say, boy," chided the reporter, "I'd cut out that raw stuff if I were you. What in the name of all that's good are you doing on this boat?"

The young fellow glanced at me quickly. "Oh, that's all right," said the reporter. "Here, here!" said the reporter. "Brace up! You've got a bad oas of the jimjams!"

The purser and the chief steward hurried from their staterooms at the sound of the disturbance; and like-wise came Woodruff, the first officer running along the deck from the bridge. The next moment Courtlandt, Mrs. Forbes and a few startled pushengers made up a group that quickly surrounded the panic-stricken man. "He's going to murder me!"

The young fellow glanced at me quickly. "Oh, that's all right," said the reporter. "Brace up! You've got a bad oas of the jimjams!"

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All the purser and the chief transporter. "He's going to murder me!"

Th

A steward entered and handed
Courtlandt a note.

The envelope was of the ship's stationery, and contained a single sheet it over and Larkins studied it into finite paper. Courtlandt read it very slowly, then wrote a single word in reply and passed it to the steward.

The envelope was of the ship's stationery, and contained a single sheet it over and Larkins studied it into the paper. The officer passed it over and Larkins studied it in reply and passed it to the steward.

The envelope was of the ship's stationery, and contained a single sheet it over and Larkins studied it in the said, and as Larkins afterward made a copy of it I give it here:

19. 25-30-8-7-9-14-15-20 3-15-11-16-9-11-9-16 8-11-21-19-11-26-2-19 4-8-2-4-14-22-34-20 15-3-19-9-26-28-10-1 7-6-5-1-25-24-1-8 16-20-19-22-26-25-2-9 8-5-1-22-5-14-7-5

Larkins turned to Forbes. "You say

"Who was last in this room besides

has only a few more hours in this world?—a marked man, sir, a marked

(To Be Continued.)

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